

# It's All Riddles

-by B. Edwards

These voices speak  
nothing of importance  
it's all riddles  
it's all lies

an alien  
a demon  
a human from the past

told so many different stories  
none seem to last

flippin and floppin  
contradiction  
is their middle name

surrounding me  
like vultures  
in my very home

what is it  
to feel alone  
do you remember  
what that was

always here  
always present  
always speaking

words  
words  
without meaning

riddles

riddles  
lies  
lies

tonight  
there is no surprise

stories that vanish  
into thin air

feeling marooned here  
listening

not wanting to listen  
not wanting to hear

a gate has been opened

and lies have devoured  
the tranquility of my soul

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- August, 2018